Oct. 22nd
1928

52 Tavistock Sqre.

My dear Eddy,

I am immensely relieved that you like Orlando. I was rather worrying to think you probably wouldn't — extremely nice of you to write. I think I agree about the Lighthouse — in fact I'm sure I do. It's for the moment the fashion to find fault, but tell me Orlando is better. Stephen The Lighthouse interested me more & troubled me more — & I enjoyed writing this more — it rushed off like a rocket, which is not to say how brilliant it is, only how quick it went. Tell me, some day, with your wonted

precision & determination - qualities I do much value, - (what I call your taking a line) what offends you, & where I've laughed, & if its like Vita or not like Vita or not like Knole &c. Oh yes, I'm overjoyed that you like it. A bitter letter from your agent at NYPL Brighton, has put a touch of genuine cau- my cup. She says it's a cruel book; but then I never sent her a cheque or postal order, as she asked, for her roof tree. I have been waiting for the American edition to come to send you what you so rightly demanded - a three guinea copy. But they

(2

never came. At last, 4 weeks
late, one miserable specimen, a
pale green leaf, round like a
widows hymn book, has arrived.
I dont think you can wish for
this; so I'll wait for the
white heather one, & send you what
I first may be less cadaverous.
The Americans have surpassed
themselves in pretention, lies, & incompetence.
This is only an Orlando letter.
I want embark on life & love.
both of course teeming in
Bloomsbury — Raymond
silhouetted this evening in
a white shirt doing his hair
as I went by in the dark —
the rain. And alive fresh

from Paris, 2 dinners, Nina back, a
2 lunching with Colefax to meet Noel
Coward.

When shall I see another
wad of diary? And
did ju enjoy the Zec
Zcheko-Slovakians? And
are ju writing 2 of
Course ju are, but what,
& in what frame of
mind? And reading?
And thinking? What?

Any time ju write, let it
be a long letter full of a
sort of Tangle of everything
which I can browse upon
over my Gas Fire — making
you up in Berlin —

Yours loving Virginia

NYPL

Hamill 9/13/76

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621

21st Nov.

My dear Eddy.

Last night I have written a humble letter of apology to your father & sent him a copy of Edition de luxe.

Mrs S.W. was, (as you know) Sydney Webb's wife. How could it have been so?

Lord, Lord, why does one write books!

Yr friend
Virginia

9th Dec. 1928

52 T. S.

my dear Eddy

What can I have said that makes you think I "wish to quarrel with you"; & "take things so seriously"? I can't conceive, though my habit of writing letters in a hurry is disastrous. I was afraid you were taking things seriously; but I hope, at any rate as far as your father is concerned, that you gathered - Anyhow here is his letter - perhaps merely posted, but I hope not, as I should be very

sorry to annoy him – Stick more, Jan.
If you had told me of that S.W.
before, I would have altered it in
the 2nd Edition: but it was too late.
If there's another chance I will
do it – Do now I hope I
have given no more signs of being
annoyed & wishing to quarrel –
but I'm terrified of bills
writing: worse than writing books;
& all one's meanings get wrong:
for what reason – & again I'm
in a hurry – I'll send each
the end of this page,
with love
yr Virginia

NYPL

Monks Horton,
Sept. 23rd 1929.

My dear Eddy

I am ashamed not to have answered your letter – particularly as I liked getting it. Laymen, work, heat, visitors – these are my only excuses. No, I don't put the blame on to you, for dusting about as you call it. It entirely was Babe's fault – London seemed to me unbearable last summer – nothing but telephone bells & taxis in endless succession – & everybody yelling were a making me jump up like a jack in the box, when I wanted to be ten miles deep under the Sea. I've come to doubt whether London – possible – It seems to destroy all sensitiveness of perception – one human might as well be another. You are upset, manage better – but then, let alone your own red hirsuation (I mean felt for writing a red line) you have knocks imposed on you, which is a considerable weight.

Yes, I agree that we ought to have done Bottom & Juliet. It was annoying – more Hackmen. Nuthen. But I'd rather have done Ghosts round & Even Katherine Mansfield Prelude – There's something

Shached about Mrs Constable Burnett: [illegible] hair which has never had any colour in it

Here I am, regretfully letting the last day slip through my fingers. I suppose one must go back & begin again. "Hullo Sibyl is that you. No I'm afraid I can't come to lunch" &c. &c.

I hope you are coming back Roumshant & attentive & well fed your Ld knows with the Student Season over all of us.

I can't go into the history of Bloomsbury - I must go on to dinner instead.

Ever affy
Virginia Woolf

NYPL

Monks House
Rodmell.

1st Jan ~~1929~~ 1930

My dear Eddy

I approach you as a supplicant - there's a bore. The cousin, of whom I've spoken to you, Virginia Isham, has written from Berlin to ask if I can give her any introductions or otherwise help her to get a job either in the theatre or films. She has gone out with a friend on the chance of getting some acting; failing that, she would teach, ~~and~~ dancing & waiter so as to earn enough to live on. I hardly know her; but she seems nice; English; determined to break from her family with which I sympathise; penniless & adventurous. But she is not beautiful, & I know nothing either good or bad as an actress. She appeared in the Seagull at Oxford & was said to be good, & has acted in repertory companies in the provinces. Her brother Gyles acts Shakespeare at Oxford. Is this all too vague? Would an

(then also musical)

introduction to some of your friends in London?
Or could you give her any tips wholly to be useful about
approaching managers & Film stars? It would be
more than angelic of you could. I sympathise so
much with her wish to break with the Lotte & Molly
& Thea Rodgiven that I egged her on, & feel slightly
responsible. Her address is /

Prussian Rath NYPL
Berlin W. 50
~~Isar~~ Marburgerstrasse 5

or write any comments & advice to me.
We come back next week. I find neither
London nor humans towards the race; - almost
decided to restate law in relation to ever.
The keepers intervened, & there was the
whole of yesterday gone bang. Lord! how
furious I was! - Lunching respectably -
Dreaming evil spirit: get they were both
very very very nice.

Such my love I take I shall see you. -
Set my new year ruled with
red indelible ink - absolutely straight,
what a blot - you know what I mean.
& apologise for being a bore.

Virginia

Hamill 7.1366